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DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1911.

"LET HER ROLL"

Governor Coleman Let-Her-Roll Blaise, of South Carolina, is entirely right. He is Governor of that Commonwealth, and he stands by his friends, right or wrong, rich or poor, wise or ignorant. Last week, following the usual and time-honored custom, the Hon. Ira B. Jones, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, speaking for himself and the great tribunal of which he is the presiding officer, respectfully requested the appointment of Duncan C. Ray, a lawyer in good standing at the Columbia Bar, as special judge to hold the Court of General Sessions and Common Pleas for Richmond county, the recently elected judge, the Hon. R. B. Copes, not having yet qualified for the exercise of his judicial functions. The Supreme Court was influenced only by the unanimous petition of the Columbia Bar for the appointment of Mr. Ray, and without any thought of offense to the Chief Executive of the grand old Commonwealth of South Carolina, recommended that a commission be issued to Mr. Ray "as special judge to hold such court."

Governor Blaise would not suffer such an interference with his prerogative to pass, and gave Chief Justice Jones and his associates on the Supreme Bench to understand that he had already commissioned the Hon. James Fitzhugh Caldwell, of Newberry, the home town of the Governor, "to hold such court," and then he dressed down the supreme tribunal of the State in these words:

"While I shall, of course, be respectful to your body, at the same time, a large majority of the people of South Carolina elected me Governor, and in that large majority were as much brains as I was in the minority, and I expect to see that my friends receive at least some consideration from this Administration, and I do not propose to appoint my enemies to office upon the recommendation of any body, unless it be that I cannot find a friend who is competent and worthy of the position."

Now it so happens that Major Caldwell, the Governor's choice for this special service, is one of the most accomplished men in the State, a thoroughly trained lawyer, the son of Chancellor Caldwell, one of the great judges of that State in its older and better days, but he did not know anything about the request of the Columbia Bar for the appointment of Mr. Ray and the recommendation of the Supreme Court that Mr. Ray be appointed. He has written a letter setting himself straight in the premises and saying frankly that he will not accept the appointment of Special Judge for the Columbia Circuit unless his appointment shall be wholly acceptable to the Columbia Bar; that to him, personally, it does not matter whether he holds court or not; that he has "passed beyond that period of life when a man needs care for glory"; that, without the co-operation of the Bar, it would not be practicable for him to do anything, and that while he would not censure his friend, Governor Blaise, who has sought to do him honor, he would not assume the position without a very clear and satisfactory understanding with the lawyers of Columbia, who, with himself, would be responsible as officers of the court. Major Caldwell's very temperate and dignified statement should have the effect of stilling this tempest in a teapot, and would have that effect if South Carolina have not actually gone crazy again.

We rejoice, however, at the spirit in which Governor Blaise is exercising the authority of his high office. Up to date, less than a month since his installation, he has sent only nine special messages to the Legislature, all of which have supplied fodder for newspapers and entertainment of a vaudeville sort for the public. There is nothing so high in the State that he is not high enough to humble; there is nothing so sacred in the way of precedent that he is not strong enough to break; there is nothing so powerful in privilege that he is not bold enough to defy. At one fell swoop of his majestic mace he lopped off the heads of about one thousand notaries public. In a moment almost, he pitched "Canary Tom," the same being Thomas E. Miller, president of the negro college at Orangeburg, out of office. In a state paper of unusual dignity, he impressed upon the General Assembly the salutary importance of improving the entrance to the main offices of the State in the Capitol Building. With another swoop of his powerful right arm, he signed a message to the Legislature demanding an investigation of the whiskey winding-up commission. Then, moved by patriotic purposes, he adjured the Legislature to provide for the building of a monument on the State House grounds to perpetuate the name of Martin Witherpoon Gary, and now he has told the Supreme Court of

the State that he wants it to understand that he is Governor of South Carolina, and that in the large majority which voted for him for this office there "were as much brains as was in the minority." The Governor is entirely right. He should stick to his friends—

"through thick and thin,
Like a lean tick to a dead nigger's shin."

while he has them. The chances are that they will not stay with him long; the pace he is going is too swift for men who carry their brains in their heads, and not in their heels, and while he is about it we hope that he will make it hot for all of them. In this way will come about that condition of public sentiment which would make Mr. Blaise impossible as the representative of a self-respecting State.

LET BECK DISCHARGE THEM.

Building Inspector Beck has shown by his official conduct that he is fearless and honest and efficient. He occupies one of the most important positions under the city government. In condemning buildings as unsafe, in ordering members of the City Council, as contractors, to stop work, he has given strong proof of the fact that he is looking after the safety of the people and that he is not afraid to summon to Police Court a man who may some day vote to turn him out of office. When he has done and is doing these things there is ample evidence that he "is on his job."

The Council, therefore, should be prompt in passing an ordinance which will give him power, as custodian of the City Hall, to employ and discharge janitors—power which will especially enable him to discharge those janitors who neglect their work and who undertake to hold their places by invoking the aid of Councilmen and politicians. No business man would keep a janitor in his employ unless that janitor worked, and yet how different it is in the city's business. One of these days the people of Richmond will awake to the realization that it is to their interest to lift the municipal government out of the hands of the politicians and put it in the hands of a business commission. It may be that these all-powerful janitors may force the issue.

A man cannot run his department properly unless he has the right to say who shall work under him. A special investigating committee has recommended a change in the system, or law, by which the City Engineer is to have that authority. Why not give as much to Inspector Beck? Surely, the Council cannot have it said that it is less fearless than its Building Inspector. Pass the ordinance, and then let Mr. Beck clean out that bunch of janitors who cannot clean the City Hall. This everlasting howl from the scrubbers—their claim to political influence—has brought enough ridicule on the Council. If they have such influence, politically, they ought to trade places with the Councilmen.

A PLEA FOR THE ROBIN.

Mrs. W. E. Harris, recently elected President of the Audubon Society of Virginia, which has for its objects the "study and protection of birds," has addressed a letter to the Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Albemarle County, asking what steps have been taken by the Supervisors to protect the robins in that County. The Society is desirous of "bettering the situation in reference to our song and insectivorous birds," and pleads for the co-operation of the Supervisors in all the counties.

Under the Game Laws of Virginia, Acts of 1910, it is made unlawful for any person to "hunt, kill or capture" robins between April 1 and February 15, and for the violation of this law the justice and jury trying the case are authorized and required to impose a fine of from \$5 to \$50 or imprisonment in jail for thirty days, or both fine and imprisonment within the discretion of the court or jury.

Under the law the supervisors are empowered "to shorten the open season" in their respective counties for the better protection of the game, and in several of the counties, notably among them Henrico, it is unlawful to hunt robins at any time. In half the counties of the State, we are informed, the supervisors have adopted regulations making it unlawful to kill robins at any season of the year, and such should be the case in every county. The robin cannot be sold at any time in Virginia, and it should not be killed at any time.

Not long ago, Mrs. Russell Sage gave \$15,000 to the Audubon Society of America to be used in Audubon work in the Southern States, and asked that special care be devoted to the protection of the robin, because as Hornaday says in his American Natural History, "Of all our birds, the robin comes nearest to being folk. It is always one of the first birds to arrive in the spring; it remains all summer, and it is one of the last to depart at the approach of winter." It is not only a beautiful singer and a very sociable fellow, but it possesses the greatest economic value as a destroyer of harmful insects. This has been demonstrated beyond question by the experiments of the United States Department of Agriculture which found upon the examination of the stomachs of three hundred and thirty of these birds that in the course of an entire year, insects make up 46 per cent of the food of robins, wild fruit 42 per cent, cultivated fruit 8 per cent, and miscellaneous vegetable food 5 per cent. Hornaday says:

"Regarding the killing of robins, and other song birds, and also doves, as food for man in a land of plenty, there cannot be two opinions. It is not necessary. It is not 'sport.' It is very injurious to our farmers and fruit growers, and entirely reprehensible.

No self-respecting boy or man can be guilty of such wrong-doing; no civilized community should tolerate it for one moment, and no farmer can afford to permit it. I would rather that any friend of mine should be caught stealing a sheep than a killing robin, either for food or 'sport.'"

Yet the slaughter of these birds goes on in some parts of the country with a brutality that would put scoundrels to shame. In one of his educational leaflets of the National Audubon Society, William Dutcher says that in Central Tennessee, where there are extensive tracts of land covered with cedar trees, the berries of which attract the robins in great numbers in the winter time, one small hamlet in this district sends to market annually enough robins at 5 cents the dozen to net \$500, or 120,000 birds. They are killed by torchlight with sticks, and in Louisiana it is estimated that 250,000 robins are killed annually. In the coast country of South Carolina, thousands of these birds are slaughtered every year. "Just for fun." Yet the laws are so inadequate, or their administration is so much at fault, that the brutal "sport" is permitted to go on year after year unchecked, to the shame of the people and the destruction of one of the best friends of man. We are delighted that so much has been done for the protection of this bird in Virginia, and trust that the supervisors of Albemarle county and of every other county in this State will make the whole year a close season for the robin, of which old John Webster sang nearly three hundred years ago:

"Call for the robin-rebreast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

What a pity it is that they cannot sing above the graves of the heartless "sportsmen" who wantonly kill them.

THE RAILROAD MILEAGE QUESTION.

A bill has been introduced in the North Carolina Legislature requiring railroad companies to sell interchangeable mileage tickets, good for the purchaser or his agent and to "pull them" on the train. There was a hearing before the Senate Committee at Raleigh on Tuesday. Representatives of the railroad lines were present in opposition to the measure. Mr. Elliott, the general counsel of the Atlantic Coast Line, contended that the present regulation is not only reasonable and just, but that it is a concession on the part of the railroads, inasmuch as the mileage books are sold at less than the legal rate. Forty-eight railroads, he explained, have entered into a contract to use interchangeable books, and for the purpose of keeping their accounts straight they have found it necessary to issue the mileage books under certain conditions.

It would be far better, in our opinion, if the railroads in the South would use the form of mileage book issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, good until it is used up and good for anybody to use until the coupons it contains are exhausted. This Pennsylvania book, however, is not interchangeable, and is good only on that system. There is no reason that we know of why the railroads in the South should not in like manner issue mileage books. Let each of the roads of each of the systems issue its own book good for use only over its own lines. That would save the railroads from the extra bookkeeping now required, and it would enable the purchasers of mileage books to have them "pulled on the train." The railroads would get just as much money out of the business as they get now, probably more, and the traveling public would receive the same benefits it now receives, even if in being required to carry a pocketful of separate mileage books instead of one interchangeable volume the travelers should be put to some little inconvenience.

There is no law, we believe, which would compel railroads to sell interchangeable mileage. Probably the abolition of the mileage book altogether would be a good thing, so that all people who travel by the railroads would be put on the same basis—a straight ticket for a straight fare.

JEFFRIES DAVIS IN A TAXICAB.

Jeffries Davis has been explaining to his constituents back in the Ozarks about that taxicab ride he took recently to the White House. He has written to a supporter that the day was wintry; that he was compelled to see the President "on very important business," and that he thinks "it has come to a high pass when a man can't take a cab that is in common use rather than expose himself to the weather." Heigho! we should say, heigho! we repeat with emphasis, indeed. But the Hon. Jeffries is not "far and square" with his people even in his explanation, as they will understand when we explain. He says: "To ride in a taxicab here (in Washington) from the station to a hotel, or a similar distance, at a cost of 25 cents, is nothing more than a ride from the depot in Port Smith to the Hotel Main in a horse cab." "Nothing more," indeed! when it is, in fact, from two to four times "more," as we happen to know.

The Port Smith people will be surprised to learn that before the taxicab even turns a wheel or runs an inch the charge is 50 cents, 50 cents as soon as a man gets down in one of them, and 10 cents additional every now and then until by the time Senator Davis reached the New Willard Hotel on his way to the White House, four or five blocks further on, the thing had rung up 50 cents, so that by the time their favorite son had reached the Executive Offices the score must have amounted to not less than \$1.10. Charging up the time the taxicab was waiting for

the Senator and the run back to the Capitol he could not have been out of pocket less than \$2.50, a sum which would pay for ten trips from the depot in Port Smith to the Hotel Main.

Besides, it was not at all necessary for the Senator from Arkansas "to ride in a taxicab." Street cars are always standing at the station in Washington, and they are very comfortable and well lighted and heated in wintry weather. The fare is only 5 cents the ride, or six for a quarter, and some of them run right in front of the place of the Senator's destination on this epoch-making journey, so that it would not have been necessary for him to walk more than a few yards to reach the President's office.

The New York Sun has discussed the Senator's explanation in a flippant way; but "facts is facts" and the facts condemn Senator Davis utterly.

SNEAKED THROUGH SENATE.

If Senator Clarence W. Watson, of West Virginia, had been attending to the business for which the people of that State have elected him to the Senate, the ship subsidy bill would have passed that body on Thursday. He explains that he understood that the bill would not come to its final vote until Friday, and that he would be paired with a Republican Senator on the other side. This is a very good explanation, and Senator Watson may be expected to stick to his job in the Senate hereafter whenever any question of the ship subsidy sort shall come before that body.

We do not know what will be the final fate of the ship subsidy bill at this session of Congress, but we would advise any of our friends who have been thinking of investing money in ship building on account of this measure to refrain from doing so until after the next Congress shall meet. The American people have not asked for ship subsidies and will not stand for them. This much ought to be clear even to the Republican Administration at Washington, and the action of the present Congress on this question, in the circumstances, will surely not bind future Congresses or the voters at the polls.

The country has had quite enough of legislation in the interest of special industries and to establish now a new policy for the benefit of a handful of ship builders in this country will surely be resented by the American electorate. It would not be safe for anybody to invest in ship building with the expectation that the Government at Washington will continue the subsidies to which the Senate, by the vote of the Vice-President, has committed itself.

THE WORDS AND THE MUSIC.

Lew Dockstader is unapproachable, but we must say what we hate to say that he should not have employed a choir of church singers to go with him on his present tour. Not that the music isn't very fine, even as church music is fine, but that the words cannot be heard with the music, a *sho qua non* in good minstrel performances.

It is the fashion nowadays for church singers, speaking generally and without prejudice or intended offense to anyone, to sing the songs of Zion so that the words cannot be heard, which we think, speaking from an artistic point of view, is not the thing to be most desired. Last Sunday afternoon at the Academy of Music, however, Brother Bryant, of the Second Baptist Church choir, "redeemed" Church music by his splendid rendition of a magnificent song we had heard sung oftentimes, but never before as he sang it. The point we should like to make is that the words should go with the music and that in order to make the music perfect the words should be plainly spoken.

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?

For the moment, the question of equal suffrage has been eclipsed in importance by a problem which is world-wide in its bearing. "Which is the more attractive a blonde or a brunette?" By the side of this momentary query all others pale into temporary insignificance.

Some luckless wight who belongs to the faculty of the University of Missouri, and who evidently has been infected with the University of Chicago habit of getting into the newspapers has lately laid down the dictum that men who are more attracted by blondes than by brunettes.

Wellesley College rises in rebuttal, alleging that the Missouri pedagogy is misinformed. Of the twenty Wellesley girls whose engagements have been announced this winter only one is a blonde, and she is not a distinct, or "dizzy," blonde. It is said that her hair is "sorel," though her complexion is somewhat "olive." Another girl with gray eyes has just become engaged, but she has dark hair and is not rated as a blonde. Another has "gold brown hair," but hazel eyes and dark eyebrows classify her as non-blond. All the others are striking brunettes. They vary from dark to darker. The latest fiancée is black haired, black eyed, and of the type known as "dashing brunette."

It is a serious question which no woman can decide, being naturally prejudiced, and no man can decide without fear of death. There are no really trustworthy statistics on this question, though it is settled that the demand for red-haired women exceeds by far the supply. As to blondes and brunettes, we prefer both.

THE GLORIOUS VICTORY.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne."—Revelation III, 21.

Many of the greatest battles have not been fought nor the most complete vic-

tories gained amidst the roar of cannon and rush of bullets on the battlefield. Some of the nearest contests have taken place inside man's own breast, and the most complete triumphs won within our own home—perhaps a palace, perhaps a cottage. The scene of battle matters not, so long as the victory is ours and sin the conquered.

We have pointed out to us often soldiers who have won and wear for valor medals, but their courage has won for them in God's sight no greater victory than the poor, frail-bodied widow, who, having suffered loss, sorrow and poverty, has borne the struggle without losing faith or temper. There are both men and women who have sacrificed their dearest wishes for the sake of others or at the call of duty; many who have suffered weakness, illness and loneliness without even a murmur. Some of us may have trampled on the dragon of a bad temper or a fiery lust, and have gotten the victory. There is no medal given to wear for the world to see, no cross given by the hands of a Queen, but these brave victors bear the cross of Jesus, given them by the hands of the King of Kings, and they are more than conquerors through Him who loves them.

When a man enlists as a soldier he is told that he must serve so many years with the colors, but we who strive to be Christ's servants must live as His faithful soldiers until our life's end. If God gives us His grace to fight under the banner of the cross we shall not heed the wounds, the hardships or trials that beset our way, and when we come to die we will be borne up victors by the everlasting arms. Their victory may have had no reward or recognition from the world, but all who have fought against self and sin and gained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, their names are written in the saints' book of life.

We cannot be Christians and follow the multitude who do evil. Does this mean that we must go about reproving our neighbors and sitting in judgment on our friends? By no means. "First pluck the beam out of your own eye, and you shall see clearly to cast out the mote out of your brother's eye." First we must conquer our own sins, and then we will be able to lead others to victory by example. If we would see all our neighbors' gardens clean and orderly, let us begin by weeding our own; and so with our lives. If we wish to see our neighbor living as a soldier of Christ, we can help him to it by being a true Christian ourselves.

Who, then, are the enemies against whom we must fight? Truly their name is legion. Our consciences must tell each of us our own special faults and weaknesses; each man knows "the plague of his own heart." There is drunkenness, slaying thousands and making many men and women lower than the very beasts; there is the sin of lust and uncleanness, degrading and killing as many as drunkenness. It ruins the homes of hundreds and kills often all that is good in man. A man or woman of unclean passions is like a river defiled by poisonous matter, and will poison all who come in contact with them. There are also the sins of bad language and bad temper, the latter of which is so common a sin and turns the very milk of human kindness sour. It has been said: "Bad temper is the vice of the virtuous." There are people living honest, upright lives, who pray and read their Bible and attend religious services, and yet make themselves and every one around them utterly wretched by failing to control their temper.

By ourselves we cannot overcome one fault, much less several; but does that mean we are to let sin have dominion over us? Suppose we are ill, unable to get up alone; do we lie there, saying it's of no use to try? I will just stay here by myself and die? No, dear friends. We hastily send for the best doctor we can get to come and help us. So with our sins. If we wish earnestly to be set free from our evil ways, we must ask the Lord to help us, and if this wish of ours is earnest and our prayers for aid made in faith, God, by the gift of His Holy Spirit, will make the weakest of us able to overcome our sins.

We quite agree with the ever-esteemed epicurean editor of the Emporia Messenger when he says:

"There is a season for all things, and this is the time when turnip salad should reign supreme."

Nothing could be truer. In these balmy days, there is nothing that so appeals to the devotee of Lucullus as the succulent uppermost part of the delicious brassica campestris, especially if it be accompanied by a dish of raw Bermuda allium copa inundated with apple vinegar. However, we fear that in Emporia it is the raucous bulboous variety that finds its way to our contemporary's table.

Says "Abe Martin," the philosopher of the Indianapolis News, "The fellow that throws his tools down at the first toot of the whistle will allus be found workin' for somebody else." There never was a truer saying than that. The man who is over-careful about "doing too much" will probably do very little. The eye servant is the worst servant on the face of the earth and the man who "sojers" at his daily task is the man who will lose in the struggle of life.

One of our Washington contemporaries lately made a canvass of prominent men in Washington asking them the question, "Who ran against President Taft in the last election?" There were very few who could answer without considerable hesitation, and many could not answer at all. How are the mighty forgotten!

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

British Ships.

Are foreign seamen permitted to become a part of the crew of a British ship?

Yes, if they come within the provisions of the act of January, 1908, which provides that "no foreign seaman will be permitted to engage on any British ship at any port in the British Islands or on the continent of Europe between the River Elbe and Bristol, unless he possesses a sufficient knowledge of the English language to understand the necessary orders that may be given to him in the course of the performance of his duties." And the applicant must pass an examination to determine that qualification.

Assumed Name.

Was married in the East under an assumed name, not learning my husband's true name until after our marriage. How can I find out if my marriage was legal?

You married the man, not the name; but if you are uncertain as to the legality of the union lay the facts before a reputable lawyer.

United States Marines.

What is the particular function of the United States Marines?

They form the military branch of the naval service, and their work in the naval stations and yards, and at the police.

Jewels.

How many jewels are there in a full-jeweled watch?

In American watches the greatest number is nineteen and the smallest seven. Some European special watches have twenty-one jewels.

OFFICIAL RECORD OF ORDER OF BARONETS

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

ING EDWARD'S royal warrant, issued only a few weeks before his death, directing that an official record of the order of baronets should be prepared and kept at the Home Department, and that no person whose name is not mentioned on the roll should be officially acknowledged or addressed as a baronet, the same time appointing a commission for the purpose of examining all claims to be included in the roll, has resulted in the disappearance of a number of baronets with doubtful "Burkes" and other standard works of reference.

Among the baronets who have thus disappeared from the scene, is "Sir" Grenville Louis Temple, who has hitherto figured in the official peerages and baronetages as the twelfth Baronet of Stowe, "Burke" in particular, devoting until this year three long columns to his family.

The case is of considerable interest on this side of the Atlantic, for a variety of reasons. One of them is that "Sir" Grenville was long reported as "missing" in the United States, but now serving in the Canadian Mounted Police, in the semi-Arctic region of Prince Albert Land. The second reason is, that a swindler, availing himself of the fact that "Sir" Grenville was described as "missing," assumed his name and the name of his son, which he perpetrated, on both sides of the Atlantic, a number of frauds, and induced a lady, an American woman, to marry him. The third reason is that the eighth baronet, on the strength of whose assumption of the title at the end of the eighteenth century, "Sir" Grenville has hitherto styled himself a baronet, as his senior descendant in the male line, was an American.

The family, a very ancient one, being descended from Earl Leofric and his countess, the famous Lady Godiva, and claiming descent from the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, as a member of the Temple family highest in rank, and as holder of several titles, he addressed a letter to his kinsman, John Temple, a native of Boston, Mass., and of the United States, residing in New York, announcing to him formally that the Temple baronetcy of Stowe had devolved upon him as heir. "Burke" further stated that he had taken care to notify the fact to Lord Carmarthen, then Secretary of State, and that he, John Temple, should be acknowledged as a baronet. In official communications, Consul-General John Temple, residing in Boston, married a daughter of James Bowdoin, Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and one of his daughters, who married Thomas L. Winthrop, also Governor of Massachusetts. Sir John was succeeded by his son, Grenville, who, born at Boston, was married to a daughter of Colonel George Watson, of that city, and from him "Sir" Grenville descended to the twelfth baronet, in the direct male line, another descendant of Consul-General John Temple, being Temple Bowdoin, of New York.

Now if the Marquis of Buckingham Temple assuming the Temple of Stowe baronetcy, it was because he believed that as a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Temple, first of the first baronet, John Temple was the senior heir. This would have been undoubtedly correct.

had the whole issue of the first baronet's second son become extinct. This second son was John Temple, and he had four sons—Peter, Thomas, Edmund and Purcell. The descendants of Peter succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of the fourth baronet, and became extinct with the death of the seventh baronet. The baronetcy should thereupon have gone to the descendants of Thomas, who, however, died unmarried. Next came Edmund, Edmund married in 1647, Eleanor, daughter and heiress of Sir Stephen Harvey, of Hardingsstone, by whom he had three sons—Stephen, who died without issue; John and Edmund. Now, both John and Edmund left several sons, and it is known that there are male descendants living of these sons, all of whom would be entitled to the baronetcy of Stowe, before the descendants of Countess-General John Temple of Boston, who, as I have pointed out above, was only a descendant of the baronet, the first baronet. Most of the Rev. Grenville Temple's descendants made their home in America, one of his grandsons, William Temple, one of his daughters, Governor Whipple, of New Hampshire. Not until "Sir" Grenville Temple can prove the existence of any survivors in the male line direct of John and Edmund Temple can he establish a claim to the baronetcy.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, an Englishman, whose real name was William W. Runciman, and who was the son of the warden of a poorhouse, and an ex-convict, posed under the name of "Sir Grenville Louis Temple," and procured to assume the name of "Lady Temple." He then went alone to England, and there, marking down his address, Runciman discovered his address, when the divine was "at home," to call, and to introduce himself as an old client of the warden of the poorhouse, and open-handedly, and was subsequently introduced by the cleric to a member of the church, who, in turn, introduced him to the partners of this firm with the personality of Runciman. He then, in the name of the firm, secured their business into a limited liability company, with "Sir Grenville Louis Temple, Bart." as chairman of the board of directors.

In this capacity Runciman went about the country, calling on bishops, deans, and great rectors, to whom he obtained orders for his firm. In pursuit he might have followed peacefully and indefinitely, had he not unfortunately neglected during his wanderings, to write to his American wife with his customary regularity. She went to England to find out what might have happened to him, and inquired first at Scotland Yard, producing his photograph. The police soon recognized him as a man of a few years' time, and who had been discharged from the army, and who was a gross coward at the battle of El Teb, where he narrowly escaped being shot.

The police had heard of, but had not seen, "Sir Grenville Temple," and were able speedily to put the American wife in communication with him. The first and second wives were brought together, and, comparing notes, found that neither the one nor the other was entitled to style herself "Lady Temple," nor even "Mrs. Temple," and contributed by their testimony at the Old Bailey, to the return of the man who had swindled them to penal servitude for a term of ten years.

Let me add in conclusion that the Grenville Louis Temple of the Canadian Mounted Police has no clean record, is a most despicable man, his only disadvantage being his impunctuality, which indeed was responsible for his restoration of his commission in the Lancashire Regiment of Infantry, to enter the Canadian Mounted Police.

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